I can no longer hold me patient.
Heare me you wrangling Pyrates that fall out,
In sharing out that which you haue pild from me:
Which of you trembles not that looke on me?
If not, that I being Queene, you bow like subiects,
Yet that by you depoſde, you quake like rebels:
O gentle villaine, do not turne away.
Glo. Foule wrinkled witch, what makſt thou in my ſight?
Qu. M. But repetition of what thou haſt mard,
That will I make, before I let thee goe:
A husband and a ſonne thou oweſt to me,
And thou a kingdome, all of you allegeance:
The ſorrow that I haue, by right is yours,
And all the pleaſures you vſurpe, is mine.
Glo. The curſe my noble father laid on thee,
When thou didſt crowne his warlike browes with paper,
And with thy ſcorne drewſt riuers from his eyes,
And then to drie them, gau'ſt the Duke a clout,
Steept in the blood of prettie Rutland:
His curſes then from bitterneſſe of ſoule,
Denounc'd againſt thee, are fallen vpon thee,
And God, not we, hath plagude thy bloodie deed.
Qu. So iuſt is God to right the innocent.
Haſt. O twas the fouleſt deed to ſlay that babe,
And the moſt mercileſſe that euer was heard of.
Ri. Tyrants themſelues wept when it was reported.
Dorſ. No man but prophecied reuenge for it.
Buc. Northumberland then preſent, wept to ſee it.
Q. M. What? were you ſnarling all before I came,
Readie to catch each other by the throat,
And turne you now your hatred all on me?
Did Yorkes dread curſe preuaile ſo much with heauē,
That Henries death, my louely Edwards death,
Their kingdomes loſſe, my wofull baniſhment,
Could all but anſwere for that peeuiſh brat?
Can curſes pierce the cloudes, and enter heauen?
Why then giue way dull cloudes to my quicke curſes:
If not by warre, by ſurfet die your king?
As our by murder, to make him a king.

Edward